DIARY AND MEMOIR.

7. J. Cook Keeley
missionary

in Labrador - winter of 1862-3

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at Bourg Louis Aug 1863 - Jan. 1865

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MEMORIAL SKETCH

OF

FREDERICK JOHN COOKESLEY,

Late Missionary in Labrador and Canada.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

HIS DIARY.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY HIS FATHER, THE

REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, M.A.,

Incumbent of St. Peter's, Hammersmith.

LONDON:

WILLIAM HUNT AND COMPANY,

HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1867.

DIARY AND MEMOIR.

It may perhaps be acceptable to the wise and devout, if I record a few of the circumstances which marked the life of a dearly loved son, though his career was but short, and the sphere of his labours humble and obscure; for the qualities which distinguished him as a lowly and conscientious follower of Christ, are those which, after all, constitute true greatness and elevation of soul; and, however little they may be calculated to attract the admiration of the ambitious, the worldly-minded, and the gay, they are nevertheless held in highest honour by Him who is perfect in wisdom and knowledge, and by the dwellers in those happy regions where nothing but goodness is practised or loved.

Frederick John Cookesley was born at Eton, Feb. 10th, 1839. He entered the school when scarcely six years of age, and remained in it

till he was eighteen. He was endowed with respectable, though not shining, abilities; and in the earlier years of his boyhood it was not easy to correct him when he was wrong, for he had so strong a conviction of the soundness of his own opinions, that he did not easily surrender them even to those of whose superior judgment and information he was perfectly aware.

This apparent self-will was in reality the fruit of that firmness and decision of mind by which he was eminently distinguished. He always maintained and acted up to what he believed to be right.

When he had been at Eton ten years, I resigned my situation as one of the assistant masters of the school; and for the two remaining years of his school life he was under the affectionate care and able tuition of his relative, the Rev. J. E. Yonge. He was of diminutive stature as a boy, and not physically adapted for those robuster games which demand considerable bodily strength, such as cricket and football: and besides this, a defect in his eyesight gradually developed itself, and he laboured

under a squint, for which he subsequently underwent an operation. But he was fond of exercise, particularly of swimming; and he delighted in boating, being a dexterous steerer, an occupation for which he was well fitted by his size.

From his earliest boyhood he was remarkable for a thoughtful, serious turn of mind. Before he was five years old, he said that his desire was to be a missionary; and the desire never wore out. He was equally remarkable for purity of mind. Though he mixed in the society of an immense public school for twelve years, and must of necessity have witnessed a great amount of sin, yet he remained wholly unstained and uninfected.

The vices which possess such unhappy and ruinous fascinations for the young, were so far from having any power or charms for him, that he despised and abhorred them. Need I say, he was given to prayer?—for nothing but prayer could have obtained for him such a spirit of holiness. I certainly never knew a young person who appeared to me to have such an absolute disdain for sin. The quality which,

perhaps beyond all others, distinguished him in manhood as well as boyhood, was a guileless simplicity; he had a wonderful innocence of thought and feeling: all this was clearly visible in the singularly beautiful expression of his face.

He left Eton at Christmas, 1856, and in the month of January, 1857, was entered as a student at the Missionary College of St. Augustine, at Canterbury. He kept terms there for three years. During his residence he was strictly attentive to the studies and duties required of him. He formed those habits of religious conduct and thought which admirably fitted him for missionary work. He received great kindness on all hands from the college. The Rev. H. Bailey, the warden, in particular, regarded him with the affection of a parent: and was invariably spoken of by him in terms of the warmest attachment and most grateful respect. He seems indeed to have passed his time most happily as well as profitably at Canterbury. He contracted an intimacy with several associates of kindred spirit with himself: and it was always a delight to him to fall in with

or hear of, an "Augustinian," in whatever part of the world he might be. At the end of his residence he was examined in theology by a committee of clergymen, appointed by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and pronounced qualified for ordination. He was now prepared to go as a missionary to any British colony or dependency, which the Society might select. His bodily constitution, however, being by no means robust, the Society most considerately consented to send him to that climate which should be regarded as best suited to his health. The medical gentlemen who were consulted on the subject, determined that Natal was the most eligible country for him to live in; and immediate preparations were made for him to proceed thither. At that time, all that I knew of the Bishop of Natal was, that he was an eminent mathematician. Had I been aware of his peculiar tenets in theology, nothing could have induced me to allow my son to be placed under the ecclesiastical control of such a teacher.

A berth was secured for my son in a ship called "The Early Morn;" and on Friday,

April 20th, 1860, he set sail from London. From the time of his embarkation almost to the hour of his death, he kept a "Diary," more or less exact, and, as all diaries are, occasionally interrupted. From this Diary I propose to make extracts: it is the genuine, unaffected expression of his feelings; of his simple, innocent thoughts; and of his artless, unpretending character. My work is a work of love; but it is also a work of sorrow, not unsanctified, as I hope: not without its blessing.

The third day of his voyage was Sunday: his Diary says, "a lovely morning, but very cold. Had a walk before breakfast on deck: read the morning service in the cabin: few attended, as all the ladies were ill from sea sickness." It appears that immediately on his embarkation he formed the resolution of acting as chaplain to the ship's crew and passengers;—a resolution in which he persevered throughout the voyage. Four ladies, and five gentlemen, with their servants and children, were passengers; the crew consisted of thirteen persons. Captain Lowry was commander of the vessel.

April 26th.—"A beautiful morning: we

have been going at the rate of nine knots per hour during the night, with a S.E. wind in our favour, which, if it continues, will push us to the end of the Bay of Biscay to-morrow, when we shall fall in with the N.E. trades. I began a little Kaffir to-day; but as there are six children on board, all roaring and crying at the same time, it was only mocking the Muse of language." The next day he "did some more Kaffir, with better success."

29*th, Sunday.*—"A most splendid morning: hardly a breath of wind. (Lat. 42.) Read the service at 11: a better attendance this time, as the passengers are getting well."

30*th.*—"Some swallows and a ring dove flew to the ship: one of the men caught the dove after dark."

May 3*rd.*—"I passed the morning reading and learning Kaffir, and *romping in the cabin with the small boys.*" This was exactly the amusement to please him. When merriment was seasonable, no one could be more merry. It was his love of fun, no doubt, which led him to enter in his diary,—"May 1st, Mr.

Finlayson's hat blew off into the sea: the second he has lost."

3*rd.*—"Lat. 38. Three swallows flew about the ship, and were caught in the cabin. Query:—Were these swallows on their road to some northern country, and had they 'lost their bearings' a little?"

6*th, Sunday.*—He read service as usual. "Began the confessions of St. Augustine, read the first book in Latin. In the evening discussed Church matters with the captain and Mr. Finlayson. Both are against Romanistic innovations; they are favourable to the Church, but condemn pluralities:" on a former evening he had "discussed Mr. Bryan King:" the company were unanimously "against" that gentleman: the captain was one of his parishioners. From these notices, it is plain that the time on board was not past, as it too often is, in frivolity or intemperance, but in the sober and profitable interchange of Christian thought.

8*th.*—"Read Kaffir, and the second book of Augustine's 'Confessions;' and in the afternoon Byron's 'Giaour.' In the evening we sang songs: I sang 'Old Folks at Home' and

'Kathleen O'More,' which I said *my dear mother sang, and that I did not sing it half so well.*"

12*th.*—"To-day I saw the huge heads of three whales close to the ship. The evening being dark, the stars shone out with peculiar brilliancy: one star does indeed exceed another star in glory."

15*th.*—"After breakfast, I passed my usual time in reading and devotion,—consisting of a chapter from the Bible, morning Psalms, 'Imitation of Christ,' 'Daily Steps towards Heaven,' 'Missionary's Text-book.' I began to read 'H. Martyn's Life,' which interested me greatly. I have determined, by God's grace, to pray every afternoon, besides at noon and evening. To-day I finished the Kaffir grammar, with the exception of learning the tenses."

16*th.*—"Continued 'H. Martyn's Life,' which encourages me in my prospects, and makes me feel the greatness of my work, and my inability and helplessness, without the grace of God."

17*th, Ascension Day.*—"Read Morning Service to myself, and also the Afternoon. How one misses the ordinances of religion, when one cannot get them!"

27*th, Sunday.*—"Held service in the cabin: I was quite consoled, because so many were present, and two sailors who hitherto had been shy in coming. A steerage passenger is very ill: I must go and ask him if I may read to him. I sat and watched the moon on deck: sang and prayed to myself."

June 2*nd.*—"The old man who is ill did not wish me to read to him. It vexes me. He is very weak: eats nothing: uses most profane language."

7*th.*—"I began 'Livingstone's Missionary Travels,' which I think very heavy."

9*th.*—"Some gentlemen, who had been successful at cards, regaled the company with champagne. I did not take any, as I have refused to play cards; not deeming it prudent to do so."

11*th.*—"I translated some Kaffir into English; St. Matthew i. 17 to end."

12*th.*—"The passengers are becoming impatient" (in consequence of the length of the voyage) "and consequently inclined to squabble."

13*th.*—"At dinner time the old man, who

had been ill, died. I had seen him a short time before: he was in great pain. 'Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

14*th.*—"I got up early: I performed the sad office of committing the body of the poor man to the deep."

15*th.*—"Read Dr. Livingstone's book in the morning: translated some Kaffir after 12. *Mr. Finlayson lost another hat.*"

16*th.*—"Finished Dr. Livingstone's book; almost equivalent to wading through an Encyclopedia!"

17*th, Sunday.*—"Had a capital attendance at service. Three sailors came this time, and two steerage passengers. I read a short sermon on the Day of Judgment; the last words were —'on which side are we?'—a momentous question, not to be forgotten."

18*th.*—"Read 'Brewster's Life of Newton.' Began to go through the Kaffir grammar."

24*th, Sunday.*—"A dull wet morning with a foul wind, which increased to a gale in the afternoon. It blew very strong. Had

service: only one sailor, owing to the weather."

July 2nd.—"Blowing hard all night: the wind however is in our favour. At breakfast the cabin was deluged with water; and there was *a regular shindy!*"

7th.—"We are getting on well, and are now about rounding the Cape. We were unable to 'take the sun' to-day, so cannot exactly say where we are."

11th.—"I read a 'Litany' to-day, made up by Bishop Wilson, in his 'Sacra Privata,' which is very good."

25th.—"Saw the coast of Natal at daybreak. After a beautiful run, we anchored off the roads at 11 a.m."

24th.—"Started very early in the morning to go on shore; but we could not go, as the bar was dangerous."

27th.—"At last we succeeded: landed at the Point: went *in the train* to Durban. Was met by the Rev. A. Rivett, Military Chaplain, who invited me to his house. Walked about the town, which is much better than I had anticipated."

28*th.*—"In the morning the Bishop came; and I was introduced to him: gave him my testimonials and letters."

Aug. 2*nd.*—"Started on horseback, with the Bishop, for my destination."

3*rd.*—"On going down a steep hill, my saddle slipped over the horse's head, and myself with it, into a pool of water. The man at the inn lent me some clothes. After waiting two hours, off again: got to Bishopstowe in the evening: the whole family turned out to meet us. It is a pretty place, situated on a hill."

He was now settled in the Bishop's palace. His principal business there was to attend a Kaffir school,—a business in which he does not appear to have taken much pleasure. He also acted as lay chaplain in the Bishop's family.

6*th.*—"Got into harness for my work: felt very unhappy in the evening, and cried at the thoughts of home; but composed myself by reading a chapter in the Bible."

7*th.*—"I sat under the shade of a tree, and read 'Evangeline.' The day was lovely. Took

a walk by myself in the evening. Read Evening Prayers, as the Bishop was engaged."

9th.—"Went to the Cathedral (Maritzburg) at 11. Received the Holy Communion: it was most refreshing, as I had not communicated since Easter Sunday."

Sept. 3rd.—"The Bishop rode in to Maritzburg to meet Prince Alfred (now Duke of Edinburgh) who is expected. Saw a great number of natives dressed as warriors, ready for a dance. The warrior costume consists of bullock skins and tails, which cover the loins and breast; a large head-dress of feathers; a shield of oblong shape, made of bullock-skin; an assegai; sticks and spears. The Prince arrived."

4th.—"Went with the Bishop and party to see the Prince lay the first stone of the Town Hall: walked with them to see the war-dance: it was very picturesque and striking. The ladies went home. A sad accident happened: the waggon in which they were conveyed was upset: Mrs. Colenso, Miss Colenso, Miss Heathcote, and Agnes, were all hurt." [I suppose this last lady is a daughter of the Bishop.]

"Agnes received most harm; providentially no one else was injured: they might all have been killed."

5*th.*—"The patients as well as can be expected; but poor little Agnes is the worst. At prayers, the Bishop offered up a nice thanksgiving to God for His late mercies."

10*th.*—"I was very unwell: after I had got up, and had gone to prayers, was obliged to go and lie down on my bed. Remained in my room all day. The Bishop was very kind, coming in to my room several times to see me."

14*th.*—"One of the older (Kaffir school) boys tried to run away, but was brought back. He is an ill-looking boy, and very sulky."

15*th.*—"Visited a Kaffir Kraal: went into a hut: got a light assegai, and a necklace made of a snake's skin: saw a *white Kaffir*, a little boy quite white, born of Kaffir parents."

21*st.*—"In the evening felt an earthquake: the whole building vibrated: my room shook for about half a minute: it was accompanied by a rumbling noise."

Nov. 6*th.*—"Walked with the boys to the

(river) Umsenduse: had a bathe: got a bird's nest made of reeds, suspended from a branch overhanging the water, *with the entrance underneath.*"

1861. *Feb.* 4*th.*—"Taught a young man named William, a brother of Undiane's (a Kaffir), to read. Did not find him very bright. The Bishop vexed me a good deal about this teaching to read. I do not feel at all encouraged to go on."

6*th.*—"Went to teach William at 9.30 a.m. The Bishop was offended because I had not begun earlier, and reproached me for showing a want of energy in the matter. *Perhaps* he was right. I said I did not like teaching to read; but I was wrong to say that to him. In the evening I mentioned to the Bishop, in an apologetic way, the remark I had made about teaching to read. He told me to think no more about the matter."

It is plain from these and other passages in his "Diary" that he did not feel comfortable or satisfied with his position at Bishopstowe. I should certainly not have consented to his going to Natal, if I had known that he was

to be employed in doing the work of lay chaplain and school-master to the Bishop. He went there to be ordained and employed as a missionary.

10*th.*—"I am this day twenty-two years old. May God be merciful to me! and if it should please Him to spare me another year, may He make me 'wise unto salvation,' and fill my heart with a burning zeal for the good of others!"

13*th, Ash Wednesday.*—"I was surprised that the Bishop had no service to-day. I prayed by myself in the afternoon, and intend doing so all through Lent."

14*th.*—"Read prayers in the Zulu language: was very nervous; but the Bishop told me I did not read badly, which comforted me; for I felt I *had* read badly. I pray God to fill up what is wanting in me!"

March 3*rd.*—"Mr. James, a new teacher, has arrived: a very pleasant well-educated man."

4*th.*—"Mr. James came into school: he is a capital teacher, just the man to get the boys on. I have little to do with the school now; *and do not see what I am to do here at present.*"

5*th.*—"The Bishop went to town. I was in hopes some arrangement might have been made with reference to myself here."

6*th.*—"Read the 6th, and twenty verses of the 7th, chapter of the Acts, in Zulu."

21*st.*—"Mr. Hardwicke called at tea time, and arranged with the Bishop to have me in his school at Maritzburg."

Accordingly he went to lodge at Maritzburg, having the care of Mr. Hardwicke's school.

29*th, Good Friday.*—"Walked out to the Bishop's: was surprised and disappointed to find there was no service."

31*st, Easter Sunday.*—"Attended St. Andrew's: heard the Bishop preach a very learned sermon on 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'"

May 5*th.*—"The Bishop preached a wonderful but heretical sermon about future punishment, denying eternal suffering, and asserting a 'remedial process' after death; interpreting 'sons of God' as meaning all men, under all religions, who have acted up to the light they have received," &c., &c.

June 4th.—"Went to a Mr. Smith, who wishes to learn Greek. I gave him a short lesson."

21*st.*—"Read the greater part of the morning: strolled out a little: felt lonely and uncomfortable."

I am not surprised at his having unhappy feelings He was not doing the work which he desired to do, and which he was sent to Natal for the purpose of doing.

16*th.*—"A false report of a Kaffir invasion caused great alarm. The Bishop's family came in."

The terror and confusion into which the bishop and his family were thrown on this occasion were so extraordinary that, in one of his subsequent attacks on the veracity of the Pentateuch, he endeavoured to show the impossibility of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, by recording some of his own adventures by night, when driven from his house by the apprehension of a Kaffir invasion.

August.—At this time my son wrote a letter to a relative, in which he says,—"The state of the Church of England in this colony is

certainly not what it ought to be. Our Bishop, I am sorry to say, is not well suited to his position. He is one, moreover, who holds to a great extent those dreadful doctrines which are spreading their poisonous influence so much in England, and which in truth overturn our holy faith. It is the opinion of most people, that it will be a good thing for the Bishop himself, and for his diocese, if he never returns after his visit to England, which he intends to make shortly.... Your letter was so full of sweet comforting words that I read it again and again. All that you say is, I know, true: but sometimes a dreadful feeling comes over me, almost of unbelief, whenever I think what God is. I cannot imagine what He is, and then a sort of blank seems to remain in me, and I strive to overcome it. Prayer, I know, is the only thing strong enough to overcome it; and oh! that my prayers were less feeble than they are! 'Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.' I know, dearest Aunt, that you will pray that my whole soul may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and that I may live as one 'dead to sin, but

alive unto righteousness' . . . I should like to have known your beloved minister. What a good man he must be! Please ask him to pray for me, that I may become a wiser and a better man. There is a sad want of real religious feeling out here. Men's thoughts seem to be so occupied with business and affairs of this world, that they think of nothing else. They are like the men in the parable, who, when the messengers of Christ came to call them, were all so busy that they could not come."

Those parts of this letter which refer to himself, and his own religious feelings, not only show how highly conscientious he was, but exhibit a delicate sensitiveness, which amounted to timidity. He had a constitutional melancholy of temperament, against which he appeared sometimes to be unable to contend with success. There was a tenderness and refinement in his religious thought, which occasionally overcame him with pain and distress. The other parts of the letter show how deeply he was shocked by the theological opinions of his diocesan.

About the same time he wrote me a letter, in which he gave me a sketch of two sermons which the Bishop had preached in his Cathedral at Maritzburg. The main proposition contained in them was one of the fundamental propositions contained and enforced in the volume of "Essays and Reviews," viz.,—that whatever in the Bible appears to shock human understanding and conscience, is not to be regarded as worthy of credit, but is to be rejected as forming no part of Divine truth. My son was deeply pained by these sermons, and he wrote to me in great perplexity. It was plain that he had his doubts whether he ought to remain under the care of a Bishop, in whose guidance he could place no confidence. On the receipt of his letter I resolved to recall him home. I communicated my resolution to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by whose liberality, and under whose authority, he had been sent to Natal; and I explained that my sense of duty to myself, as well as to my son, hindered me from allowing him to continue under the Episcopal control of one, who, "if he understood his own principles,

could not be a believer." The Society admitted the propriety of my conduct; and I wrote to my son, desiring him to return home as soon as he could get a passage. I also wrote to the Bishop, informing him of my desire that my son should return to England. Though he had now been in Natal more than a year he had not been ordained; which was fortunate, however unaccountable; inasmuch as, having no cure of souls, his immediate return home could not inconvenience any one.

He now changed his lodgings and took up his residence at the house of a clergyman named Robinson; and he seems to have been pleased with the change, for he esteemed his new host "as an excellent religious man, from whose company he anticipated much good."

Sep. 23*rd.*—"Mail came in. Consulted with the Dean about the purport of a letter from my father." This was the letter in which I desired him to come home.

Oct. 5*th.*—"Called on Dr. Calloway, at Government House. He talked to me about joining his mission; but I must wait, as I am in a difficulty at present."

He always spoke in the highest terms of Dr. Calloway: he regarded him as one of the ablest and most admirable missionary clergymen he ever fell in with. I think Dr. Calloway was originally a physician; but gave up his profession out of pure, love and zeal for the cause of Christ.

14*th.*—"Rode to the Bishop's, about some letters which I had received from home."

Nov. 5*th.*—"Went to see an exhibition of colonial produce, &c." He afterwards saw these things again in London, at the Great Internation Exhibition of 1862.

1862. *Jan.* 20*th.*—"Very hot: did not go out much: read some Hebrew. I find I have forgotten a great deal. I must brush it up again."

Feb. 3*rd.*—He was now staying at Dr. Calloway's house. "A poor little child of one of the natives living in the village died. The grief of the relatives was excessive. All the people in the village came to condole with the bereaved parents."

4*th.*—"The child was committed to the dust. All the natives in the State came to the funeral."

10*th.*—"To-day I am twenty-three. God in His mercy has spared me for another year. May I grow in grace, and at last find my way to heaven!"

11*th.*—"Rode with Thurston and two natives: came to the river Umbionanzi: had to cross. The water was over my knees on horseback. I got over all right. Thurston did not cross, but returned home. Journeyed on: got to Richmond about 4 p.m.: went to Archdeacon Fearne's, and put up for the night: could not sleep, for the bed was alive with fleas."

This is only one instance of many recorded in his "Diary" of his having to cross rivers, with much discomfort and some peril. Bridges are a rare, if not an unknown, luxury in Natal. He was constantly on the saddle; and his "Diary" abounds with accounts of visits which he paid to mountains and waterfalls. All that is beautiful or grand in nature had peculiar charms for him.

March 10*th.*—"Secured a berth in the 'Early Morn.'" The same ship in which he had come from England. He sailed from Natal on the 12th. Thus his connexion with the colony

ceased: but in his last illness, when he was home with me, he often spoke of Natal. He mourned, as every churchman must, over the conduct of Bishop Colenso, who, he said, had not only produced discord and confusion by his unfortunate publications and doctrines, but had blundered and mismanaged everything. His Episcopate in every particular was mischievous and disastrous. When he went out as Bishop, no part of our Colonial empire offered a fairer or more inviting field to the missionary efforts of the Church of England; but during the few years he has had the Ecclesiastical government of the province, he has completely ruined the cause of that Church which it was his highest duty, and ought to have been his happiness, to maintain.

19*th*.—"Off Port Elizabeth. A south-easter: the wind dreaded here. Blew hot and strong. The mate told me that he had seen nine vessels anchored here driven on shore by this wind."

20*th*.—"Took up the life of H. Martyn. What a reality there was in that holy man! May it please God to make me like him!"

23*rd.*—"Went on shore: attended Trinity Church, where the Rev. W. A. Robinson officiates. It is a temporary building; but a permanent church is shortly to be built: a Mr. Maynard has given £1000 towards its erection: the site has been purchased: the congregation give Mr. Robinson £350 a year. In the evening went to St. Mary's Church, where the Colonial Chaplain, Mr. Pickering, does the duty. A very nice church, and the service was very well conducted."

The ship was detained some time off Port Elizabeth, taking in a cargo of hides and cotton: the wind continued contrary and stormy.

April 2*nd.*—"Had a short conversation with one of the seamen, who uses very bad language. I gave him a small tract, called 'Why do you swear?'"

The captain became so ill that he was obliged to go ashore.

14*th.*—"Went with Mr. Robinson to visit the poor captain: joined in prayer with him."

16*th.*—"Heard the news of Captain Lowry's death: was sadly grieved."

17*th.*—"Attended the funeral: was requested to hold the pall, which I did."

27*th, Sunday.*—"At the request of the passengers I read prayers in the saloon, and a short sermon from 'Plain Words.'"

They sailed from Port Elizabeth May 2nd. "Had a conversation with a Jew: he says 'he will never turn Christian.' May the Lord soften his heart, and turn him from the shadows of the Law to the realities of the Gospel!"

April 3*rd.*—"Read Psalm i., in Hebrew, with Mr. Boys," a clergyman who joined the ship at Port Elizabeth. "In the evening was much amused by reading a chapter or two of 'Pickwick.'"

5*th.*—"The weather being hot, I climbed up to the main-top, and sat there reading."

7*th.*—"The sea was very high: it looked very grand from the quarter-deck. What an awful idea the sea gives us of God's omnipotence! The waves might drown us all, did not God send down from on high to help us!"

11*th, Sunday.*—"Mr. Boys officiated. I distributed some tracts among the passengers

and crew. Had some pleasant singing in the cabin during the evening. I managed to lead several tunes. We enjoyed ourselves very much."

12*th.*—"Felt low in spirits, and endeavoured to comfort myself by thinking of the world to come and the mercy of Christ."

14*th.*—"Had some short morning prayers in the cabin,—our usual practice now."

15*th.*—"A fair breeze blowing: sat some time on deck, enjoying it, before going to bed. There is something excessively exhilarating in sailing along at a brisk rate, and seeing the water dashed away on each side of you."

19*th.*—"Went down in the fore-castle, and watched one of the sailors making a mat of Manilla rope. Sailors are very tractable people. I think they are capable of receiving much religious instruction, being generally willing to listen to what you say, and for the most part civil."

28*th.*—"St. Helena in the distance. As we drew near the sight was very imposing, the great rock rising like a huge fortress out of the ocean. It is perfectly inaccessible on all

sides but one, which is strongly fortified, and on which Jamestown is built. The bay is a very good one; and as it is a fair wind in, and a fair wind as soon as you leave, being in the centre of the 'Trades,' it is a most convenient place for homeward-bound vessels.

"Jamestown is a small place, and the streets are narrow. A pretty church faces the bay; and there are some good barracks. In company with the rest of the passengers, I hired a horse for 11s., and rode off to visit Napoleon's tomb and Longwood House. It was presented by the English Government to the Napoleon family, and is now the private property of Louis Napoleon. The road lies along the side of steep hills, covered with the prickly pear and scarlet geraniums. The country here and there is interspersed with pretty gardens. The tomb is kept by a French sapper. It is a picturesque spot, surrounded by circular paling, and planted with firs and other trees.

"Having written our names in a book kept for the purpose, we rode to a pretty church, called St. Matthew's, built at the expense of a gentleman who lives on the island. After half

an hour's ride we came to Longwood. The house is kept by a Frenchman: the rooms are large and airy. In the chamber in which the Emperor died is a handsome marble bust, separated from the rest of the room by a black wooden railing. In this inclosure the great man breathed his last.

"We rode back to Jamestown. While waiting in the town previous to re-embarking, we fell into conversatiou with a fine old gentleman named Carrol. He had been in St. Helena seventy-one years: he of course remembered Napoleon's landing and his funeral: he was appointed by Sir Hudson Lowe to receive the money for the Emperor: he told us that £40,000 a year passed through his hands for the Emperor's private use: he also assured us that Sir Hudson was really very kind to the Emperor, and that the stories about the unkindness, said to have been practised towards him, were utterly false. The Emperor had free permission to go to Jamestown, or to any other part of the island; but he chose never to leave his house: hence the stories about his being kept a prisoner, &c." He rejoined his ship the same day.

29*th.*—"Had a salt-water bath early,—a practice which I intend to continue throughout the voyage."

He records that "he read some Hebrew" almost daily. On Sundays he commonly distributed tracts, and always visited any one, whether passenger or belonging to the crew, who was sick.

June 1*st.*—"A large shark swam round the ship: he turned on his back close by the ship, in order to seize hold of a sheep-skin which was hanging over the side, but thought better of it. We put out a hook baited with pork for him; but he refused it."

2*nd.*—"Saw a large turtle swimming close to the ship, with multitudes of barnacles sticking on him, and a large dolphin following him."

4*th.*—"In sight of Ascension Island. It is rocky and barren; but not near so imposing in appearance as St. Helena: it is not so lofty, neither does it rise so abruptly from the ocean. We came close to the bay, and had a good view of Georgetown. It is a small place; but a large building stands in the centre of it, close to which is a church."

7th.—"One of the passengers regaled us with champagne, on the occasion of his birthday. I have been thinking a great deal lately about the propriety of drinking wine or spirits: and I am inclined to think, for various reasons, that for persons who hold responsible positions, and whose conduct is observed by others, it is right to abstain."

8th.—"Read several chapters of the Apocalypse, and was much impressed with their sublimity. Oh, how dreadful it is to think of those who deny Christ! Grant, O Lord God, I beseech thee, that I may feel the blessed influence of Thy Holy Spirit within me, ruling me and guiding me through all my life."

The next entry proves that he could direct his mind to a considerable variety of subjects, in the course of the day.

9th.—"A nice breeze: going about nine knots. Read a good deal of the Apocalypse. Sat under the awning, and read a scene or two from Hamlet aloud to some of the passengers. Helped Mr. Easton, the mate, to cut up an old main-topsail. Read 'Outre Mer,' by Longfellow, which I like very well; I

cannot say I like 'Hyperion' at all: it being prosaic in the extreme. Sat on deck enjoying the breeze."

11*th.*—"Read a tract to two of the sailors, as they sat in the forecastle. At twelve o'clock we were in 1·17 N. lat. Now that we are in our own hemisphere, it makes me feel as if we were beginning to get nearer home."

14*th.*—"Began to read Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico;' nearly finished the first volume: found it exceedingly interesting, and very well written."

19*th.*—"Finished the 'Conquest of Mexico.' The more I read of the great men of the world, the more I feel satisfied with my own humble sphere of life. I would rather be a true follower of Jesus, than possess the wealth of the Indies, or the fame of all the greatest men put together."

He next read Prescott's "History of Peru," which he did not find "so interesting;" then the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," which he "liked very much;" adding,—"Prescott is certainly a most delightful writer."

22*nd*.—"Sunday service as usual. In the evening sat on deck, singing some scraps of hymns, etc."

23*rd*.—"A quantity of beautiful sea weed floated by the ship, brought down by the stream from the Gulf of Florida; a passenger caught a quantity of it: it is exceedingly pretty, of a reddish-brown colour, entirely covered with berries, which look like little shells; numbers of small crabs and animalculæ came out of it; collected some in a bottle, and sealed them up."

26*th*.—"Amused myself by painting some of the hen coops."

July 4*th*.—"Finished reading the 'Life of Philip II.' The more I read of the Spanish nation and of the Roman Catholic religion, the more I am disgusted, and thank God for being born in a country of freedom and religious toleration."

5*th*.—"Went down in the forecastle, and listened to a sailor playing the concertina. Had a pleasant conversation, discussing the increase of religious feeling amongst sailors, and the many spiritual advantages which may now be enjoyed by them."

14*th.*—"Got on board a small cutter, and went in it to Falmouth harbour."

15*th.*—"Started in a four-horse 'bus for Truro. Got into the Great Western Railway train; arrived in London about six, p.m.; drove to Hammersmith, and found my dear parents and sisters all well."

He came home very well in general health: but the squint in his eyes appeared to me to have become worse, and I consulted my excellent and generous friend, Mr. G. Cowell, of St. George's Square, Pimlico, on the subject. After having examined my son's eyes, he pronounced that the mischief consisted in a contraction of the *rector* muscle, and assured me that an operation might be performed with advantage; this was done by him with remarkable ability, and, by God's blessing, with complete success: so that my son's eyesight was perfect during the remainder of his life. The operation was naturally a matter of deep and painful anxiety to all of us. After it was over he said to his mother,—"I knew I could not bear it unless I prayed: it was prayer that supported me."

It now became necessary to look out for some fresh field of labour for him. I should have been glad to keep him at home for some time, more especially after he had undergone this operation: but his own scrupulous sense of duty would not allow him to remain in England. I applied to my dear and honoured friend, Dr. Mountain, rector of Blunham, and brother of the Bishop of Quebec. It was soon arranged that my son should go to Canada; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel most handsomely paying for his passage out. During his stay in England he did not keep up his "Diary;" on his departure he renewed it.

Sept. 1*st*, *Sunday.* — "Received the Holy Communion at the hands of my dear father, in St. Peter's Church, Hammersmith, at 9, a.m. Attended evening service for the last time. May it please God to allow me, at some future time, again to worship in my father's church."

He sailed from Liverpool on the 4th, in the "Bohemian," "a magnificent ship," of 2,500 tons. There were 150 cabin passengers and 300 steerage. Very little adventure marked

the few days which were occupied by this fine steam-ship in crossing the Atlantic.

14*th*, *Sunday*.—"Came in sight of Cape Race (Newfoundland); made for it, in order to telegraph our name. A boat came off; we threw out a tin box full of newspapers, etc., with a red flag on the top of it, which they picked up and took ashore. Presbyterian service in the saloon; a Methodist preached a very good sermon on "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." After tea I read the Church of England Service; some of the passengers chanted the Canticles, Glorias, and two hymns, very nicely; there must have been more than 200 persons present."

15*th*.—"In the evening listened to a concert got up by some of the passengers, and was much amused: some of the ladies sang very sweetly."

18*th*.—"Got up very early; found we were anchored at Point Louis, opposite Quebec. Great confusion about luggage; after much trouble and bother got my things safely conveyed to the other side of the river, in a

ferry-boat; drove to the house of Mr. Housman, the Bishop's examining chaplain. He gave me a paper on the Articles to answer, and desired me to write an essay on *Isaiah* liii. 12. I rode out to the Bishop's in a most shaky conveyance, called a *caléche*. The Bishop's palace is called Bardfield, about three miles from Quebec. Felt rather unhappy, but struggled prayerfully against my feelings, and received comfort. The Bishop conversed with me: he is a most loveable old man, and kindly welcomed me. In the evening he gave me the eleventh Article to put into Latin."

19*th*.—"Drove into Quebec with the Bishop. Attended Litany service in the private chapel attached to the Bishop's rooms. Mr. Housman gave me a paper to do on the Prayer-book, and another on the Old and New Testament. After waiting awhile, he told me my papers were "very satisfactorily done." I returned to Bradfield. In the evening the Bishop gave me a *vivâ voce* examination in the Greek Testament, and then told me that my examination was over, and that I had passed it most creditably. Give God the

glory, who has thus far prospered my undertakings!"

The Bishop had no mission to offer him, but that of Labrador, to which he was immediately appointed. He was to be ordained on the following day, Sunday, and was to set off on Monday. Nothing could exceed the kind consideration and delicate regard for him exhibited by the Bishop.

20*th*, *Saturday*.—"Dined with Mr. Hamilton; returned to the Bishop's in a carriage, which he had kindly sent for me; received pleasant consolation from the Bishop. Oh, blessed Lord, strengthen me for the solemn ordinance of to-morrow!"

21*st*, *Sunday*.—"Rode into town with the Bishop and the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, from Toronto. Went to the Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. Adamson and the Revs. Messrs. Housman, Ward, and Kennedy, assisted at the ordination. Was much impressed with the solemn service and the Bishop's sermon. May I ever fight as an officer in the army of the Lord of Sabaoth, and finally attain unto life eternal! Read the lessons in St. Michæl's church, in

the evening. Thus has passed the most eventful day of my life. May I never regret it! but look back upon it as the turning point of my life,—the seal of mine Apostleship. Oh, Lord, correct me, but in mercy: not in anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."

The Bishop in his Ordination Sermon spoke in the handsomest terms of "the zeal of the youthful missionary, who encountered all the rigours and privations of the desolate region of Labrador, to promote the spreading of the Gospel." It was a particular gratification to my son to meet at that time with some of his old college acquaintances. He says,—"I met Fothergill and Roberts, both old chums of mine at college (now clergymen). How pleasant it is to meet the faces of those with whom we have formerly associated, and have partaken the enjoyments of college life!" He had but short time to make preparations for his journey to Labrador; but many friends came forward and lent assistance; the Bishop led the way in the race of generous exertion, and various members of the congregation of his Cathedral contributed so liberally, that when

my son got on board the schooner "Marie Louise," he was surprised and delighted to find packages of furs and warm clothing, and cases of wine and spirits, awaiting him. He was indeed so hurried that he left behind "two boxes, one with wine in it, a present from Mr. M. G. Mountain, a merchant of Quebec: and the other with provisions, from Mr. Hamilton;" but he recovered them some time after.

23*rd.*—"At sunset the captain and his men knelt down and said prayers; they are all Roman Catholics. It was certainly a pleasing sight. May God be merciful to them, and hear their prayers, though they ignorantly invoke the Virgin."

25*th.*—"Sat on deck, reading Oxenden's 'Pastoral Office,' with which I was much pleased. In the evening we went very fast: were nearly run down by a large ship: but God is merciful to us."

23*th, Sunday.*—"Put into a place called Kegaskah Bay, and anchored. Found another schooner, the chaplain of which was brother to our captain. Their crew all came on board,

and gabbled away all day. Did not enjoy Sunday at all: such a contrast to my last Sunday! Went ashore, and walked about with Buckle:" a fellow passenger, whose father lived in Labrador.

29*th.*—"At night, wind blew hard ahead. Passed a wretched night, being tossed about in all directions, and distracted by the noise of the sailors. Was rather alarmed: prayed earnestly to God to save us."

30*th.*—"Still blowing hard: ran in among some rocky islands, called 'St. Mary's,' and anchored."

Oct. 1*st.*—"These islands are simply large stony rocks, without a vestige of a plant upon them; numerous ducks and geese seem to be their only inhabitants: they present a singular and rather picturesque appearance. Sailed away at mid-day; got aground on a rock, which delayed us half an hour; rolled casks, etc. forward, to raise the stern of the ship: put an anchor into a boat, rowed out a little way, and dropped it: then pulled away at the capstain, and so got her afloat again. Another reason for rendering thanks to the Almighty!"

2*nd*.—"Came to St. Augustine's river, and anchored for the night."

3*rd*.—"Sea very rough: rolled about dreadfully. Stopped at 'Old Fort' Isle, to leave some goods. Became acquainted with three of my parishioners. Came to 'Bonne Esperance' harbour, and anchored."

4*th*.—"A lovely day. Arrived at 'Blanc Sablon.' Got my things ashore; the owner of the fishing station very kindly allowed me to put them in his store-house. Met many people, some of them my parishioners, who have come from all quarters to settle their yearly accounts. Started in a boat for 'Forteau,' but the wind failing, and the tide being strong against us, we were obliged to put back."

5*th*, *Sunday*.—"A wet, stormy day. Held service in the morning, and preached my first sermon, which I wrote some time ago in Natal, on 'Heaven.'"

6*th*.—"Started with a guide for 'Forteau,' fifteen miles off. The head of the establishment, Captain Defar, came out and invited us to his house, and gave us some dinner.

Walked on to Mr. Crib's; Mrs. Crib gave me a dry pair of socks, and had my dirty ones washed, for they had become wet in my walk."

He had now entered on his Missionary work. The district of which he had the care extended 150 miles. The climate during the winter was extremely severe, and the privations which he had to undergo, by no means inconsiderable; but he did everything and suffered everything cheerfully. He was employed in Labrador for ten months; at the end of that time, in a letter which he wrote, he "thanked a merciful Providence which had protected him in all dangers, seen and unseen, and had enabled him to visit his scattered flock with safety, and, as he would humbly hope, not without profit to them." In the same letter he says, "It is indeed pleasant to know that you pray for me. I do not know how it is, but when I contemplate a judgment to come, and think of my sins, I do not feel a perfect assurance, so to speak, of my acceptance; but 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sins.' I hope in my feeble preaching I

have kept *that* object always before me, which you mention, namely, the love and death of Christ for us. Indeed a sermon without that must be poor. Nothing comes more to the heart than the message of love to a fallen world."

7*th.*—"Wet all day. Wrote a sermon on Prayer."

From this time, to the end of his residence abroad as a Missionary, his industry in the composition of sermons was untiring. He never wrote less than one, often more than one, in a week.

12*th, Sunday.*—"Mr. Davies, from L'Anse Amour, came to the service; he was the only person that attended, besides Mr. B. and three boys; all the rest of the people were at Blanc Sablon. Preached on the Prodigal Son. Had the boys in the afternoon to say their Catechism, etc.; talked to them on the necessity of God's grace for everything."

13*th.*—"When I have regularly begun my Missionary work, I shall have but little time for writing sermons" [nevertheless, he seems always to have found, or contrived time]—"and must

extemporize. I want to have a few in hand, in case I should be asked to preach in Quebec, when I go up next Spring for Priest's Orders."

14*th.*—"Went out and cut some wood. Amused myself by walking about."

16*th.*—"Went to L'Anse Amour. Sailed back: saw a seal. The man with me shot two ducks. Found it very cold in the boat, but my buffalo coat kept me comfortable. The feet suffer the most: they cannot be kept too warm."

21*st.*—"In the afternoon amused myself by digging a small piece of ground."

Nov. 1*st.*—"Sailed for about three hours, and came to a house which we did not know: turned out to be Bonne Esperance, nine miles from Belles Amour. Turned back, and got into a harbour, which we thought was Belles Amour. On arriving we found no house. It was now dark. Turned back, and came to a house, which was empty, the owners having left it for the winter. Started again for what we thought was Belles Amour. Again found no house. It was very cold: froze hard: boat open. Went back again, and found a bay

and some houses. Landed: found no one there. Lay down on the boards of the boat for the night."

2nd, Sunday.—"Not knowing where we were, we made for Bradore Bay. Arrived about noon. Mr. and Mrs. Jones very hospitable; found several people in the house. Had some dinner, and warmed myself by the stove, which was very acceptable, as we had been out in a cold boat, with nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. Had service, and discoursed on Matthew xxvi. 49."

8th.—"Had some conversation with Mr. Buckle." It appears that this gentleman's family were Roman Catholics. "The rest of his family object, or rather their priest objects to my having service; but I read a chapter and have prayers every evening."

9th.—"Was glad to find that the tracts which I had left in the morning (at Mr. Buckle's) were being read, and the Bible, which I had left, lying on the table. May they be led to see the uselessness of their prayers to the Virgin and saints!"

17th.—"Started early, and got to Belles

Amour before breakfast. Had the children (to read) as usual; all seemed glad to see me again. God is indeed good to me, raising up friends for me everywhere."

"19*th*.—"Made trial of walking in snow-shoes: got on very well for a first attempt."

Such was his life; going daily, when not hindered by the severity of the weather, to one or more families in various places: holding services, distributing tracts, and praying. The unspotted purity of his life, his sincere devotion, his unfailing zeal, produced great good amongst the people to whom he ministered. He was esteemed and loved: how could it be otherwise?

At the beginning of the record of each month in his "Diary" he generally wrote a motto; his motto for December of this year was, "No cross, no crown:" the purport of which must have been constantly in his mind, encouraging and supporting him in his labours.

Dec. 1*st*.—"The bay frozen over. Saw dogs drawing a wooden kommekik for the first time." The "kommekik" is a sort of sledge. He did not neglect his books: at this time

he read Wordsworth's "Letters to M. Gondon," which he found "very interesting;" and studied "Pearson on the Creed."

7*th, Sunday.*—"Snowing and blowing all day. Walked to 'Middle Bay' in the afternoon; the walking was terrible: knee-deep in snow almost every step. Was very tired. After tea had service: preached on Hebrews xi. 1."

17*th.*—"Weather very cold, freezing hard. As Mr. Buckle and I crossed some of the bays (in a kommekik) the ice heaved up and down, from the motion of the water underneath. Got to Old Fort about 5, p.m., all safe. Thanks to God for all His mercies!"

20*th.*—"Helped to fix a flag-staff on the hill near my house, in order to let the people know when I have service."

21*st, Sunday.*—"Had two services, with good and attentive congregations. After prayers went to bed, having passed a most pleasant, and I hope profitable day. The more I see of the people the more I like them, and am content with my lot. Truly may I say, 'the lines have fallen unto me in

pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage.'"

31*st.*—"Had service at midnight: preached on the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Thus has closed another year; God has mercifully spared me to the end of another twelve-month. 'So teach me to number my days, oh Lord, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom!' Let all fear of death pass away from me, and when it shall please Thee to end my days, oh grant that I may gently fall asleep, supported by Thine everlasting arms! Amen."

1863. *Jan.* 2*nd.*—"Had some conversation with Mr. Gonlet on the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome; gave him 'Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles.' He was once a Romanist, but is now alive to the errors of Popery. Gave him a Prayer-book, for which he asked me."

13*th.*—"Fine bright day: hard frost: very cold; one side of my nose frozen."

15*th.*—"Snowing hard and blowing. Went to Salmon's Bay, three miles off. Walking very bad: snow up to my knees every step, and I could hardly see fifty yards ahead. Got

to the house of S. Keats about two; remained there. In the evening read several chapters of St. Matthew, and discoursed on them."

21*st.*—"The coldest morning I have felt; all the nails in the roof of my room were covered with frost. The smoke from the chimney did not ascend, but went down to the earth. I observed the same thing on the 14th."

22*nd.*—"Was inclined to lose temper with my pupils. I must take care."

Feb. 10*th.*—"Called on Mr. Askell; wished to baptize his child, but he objected, saying repentance was necessary: that the child did not understand, etc. Mr. Carpenter has evidently taught him this. After reading and praying came away."

17*th.* "Mary Jane, my host's daughter, not well; gave her a little brandy, as her stomach pained her: and in the evening a rhubarb pill, as her head ached badly." He had a small medicine-chest with him, of which he made good use. He had been taught enough of chemistry and medicine at St. Augustine's to enable him to prescribe for

ordinary cases of sickness; and his attendance at the Canterbury Hospital had given him an important knowledge of surgery.

18*th, Ash Wednesday.*—"Read part of the Commination Service before breakfast."

24*th.*—"Got upset twice in a kommekik; the second time the dogs galloped off, and left us behind: but they got entangled in some junipers, and we got them again. Arrived at Mr. N——'s" [I cannot decipher the name] "about twelve. Baptized his four children. Was much pleased with him and his family. He is a man who lives with the fear of God before his eyes, and 'rules his own house well.'"

The various places which he had lately visited were in the western parts of his district. On his return home he writes thus:—

March 1*st.*—"I have had great pleasure in my visits Westward. The people seem to appreciate and value the ministrations of a clergyman, and do all in their power to make you comfortable."

3*rd.*—"Went in a kommekik to the river

St. Augustine, to visit Mr.——; arrived about twelve."

4*th.*—"Remained at ——'s all day. Was not pleased with his opinions; he has no religion in him, and seems to have no concern about heaven or heavenly things: a Christian only in name. Oh, may the Lord open his eyes to see his perilous condition, before it is too late!"

11*th.*—"Visited M. Mauyer (a Frenchman.) He has a wife, three sons, and a daughter. Only the wife can speak English well. Found them very kind, and glad to see me. Baptized two of the sons and the daughter. The family had never seen a clergyman before."

17*th.*—"Arrived at Mr. Tucker's about two. Found him and his wife very nice people. He is an exceedingly intelligent person; a good churchman: one who has a proper idea of his position, as the head of a family."

30*th.*—"A cold blustering day: could scarcely see the wood pile, which is only a few yards from the house; the drift was so thick."

During the month he appears to have visited the most distant parts of his district,—his

journeys often being of considerable length: on one occasion he travelled thirty-three miles in his kommekik.

3*rd, Good-Friday.*—"Had full service, morning and evening. Had nice little congregations; thirteen in the morning, fourteen in the evening. Mr. Robin and his family have a custom of eating nothing on Good-Friday till dinner time, and I conformed to it."

5*th, Easter-day.*—"The day of days: the queen of festivals. God grant that I may rise with my Saviour from my sins! Had a good congregation both in the morning and afternoon."

12*th, Sunday.*—"Was bilious all day, but managed to get through the two services pretty well, though I felt miserably ill. In the evening had a short conversation on some parts of the Bible; Balaam's history, &c."

15*th.*—"Started early eastward; but was soon obliged to return, as nearly all our dogs were crippled. Got some others: journey very bad: had to walk the greater part of the way. Arrived at Belles Amour soon after sunset."

21*st.*—"The sun has been amusing himself

with my face; and, together with the wind, has succeeded in making it tolerably red."

28*th.*—"Finished reading 'Davison on Prophesy:' have been much edified: the view of prophecy here taken is comprehensive; and if argument on that head is wanted to prove the truth of Christianity, it may be found here."

29*th.*—"Snowing and blowing: cold. When shall our eyes be gladdened with the sight of grass and hill? The eye is tired with snow and ice which have covered the ground since November."

May 4th.—"Took up my quarters in a house just finished, by Mr. Robin, for his son Henry, and made myself tolerably comfortable. Snow melting rapidly."

His wants were so few, and his requirements so humble, that he made himself "comfortable" very easily: but, in his various travels about his district, he often suffered considerable privations and hardships; and though he makes no reference to them in his "Diary," on his return to England he spoke of them to his family.

8*th.*—"Read the introduction and first chap-

ter of 'B ler's Analogy:'" which, he says, he "continued to read."

25*th.*—"Put up flags, and fired a salute in the morning, in honour of the Queen's birthday,—whom God preserve! In the evening gave another salute."

June 11*th.*—"I am longing for a S.W. wind, as there are vessels to the westward, and I expect news from the civilized world. We have had no news from our fellow creatures for nearly eight months."

12*th.*—"Had a packet of letters and papers: heard of the death of dear Bishop Mountain, and of my dear cousin H. Yonge. How sad is this life! I was all eagerness to get news; and now that I have got it, sorrow fills my heart! Oh blessed Jesus, pour Thy Holy Spirit into my weak sinful heart: take away from me the fear of death, and let me rejoice in Thy salvation."

Bishop Mountain died Jan. 6th, 1863. He was attended in his last illness and death by his son, the Rev. Armine Mountain. In a letter which his brother, the Rev. Dr. Mountain, sent to me, on the occasion, he says:—"My

nephew writes to inform me that my brother died peacefully on Epiphany-day. He desires me to tell you that his father's last intelligible sentence was 'Poor little Cookesley! may God bless him in his work and preserve him!' and when he could not utter a sentence, the word 'Labrador' was distinctly heard,—and so will his prayer be."

His cousin, whose death so distressed my son, had been his school-fellow, to whom he was much attached. He was a person of singularly amiable disposition. He had been married only a year. He was cut off in his thirty-second year.

13*th*.—"Wrote a letter to the Warden of St. Augustine's College."

This letter was printed in the "Occasional Papers" of the College, and was as follows:—

"Old Fort Island, coast of Labrador.
"June 13th, 1863.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"In October last I wrote you a letter informing you of my safe arrival in my new sphere of labour on the coast of Labrador. I

presume Richmond" [a former missionary] "has made you acquainted before this time with the nature of the work here—its dangers and difficulties.

"However, I hope a brief account of my own will not be unwelcome to you. This is the earliest opportunity I have had of writing, and this will give you some idea of the duration of the frost here: from December last till the middle of May ice and snow have held their dreary reign,—binding rivers, lakes, and seas in their frozen bands, and shutting us for seven months from all communication with the rest of the world. In spite of this, however, I have travelled through the length of my mission; and, thank God, have never been kept from my duties by sickness of any kind.

"The place of my residence is a large island, situated about 600 miles East of Quebec, and exactly opposite Newfoundland, which is quite visible on any clear day. To the eastward of this my mission extends from thirty to forty miles, and to the westward about 120. The nearest clergyman to myself westward is Mr. Short, at or near the Montmorenci Falls, close

to Quebec. Mr. Bytwood, my nearest neighbour eastward, is about forty-five miles off; but I have only seen him once during the winter.

"In February I travelled up one of the rivers in a conveyance called a kommekik, drawn by seven dogs. The snow was drifting along in our faces, and the wind was bitterly cold: but I was dressed in Labrador fashion—seal-skin boots and mittens, fur cap, and buffalo coat, so that with an occasional run alongside of the kommekik, to keep the blood in circulation, I defied the northern blasts of this almost Arctic land. We arrived about sunset at the house of one of the 'planters,' who, in company with several others, lives here during the winter, for the sake of the wood, and also for the sake of a school set up here by an American Congregationalist. Next day was too cold to travel, as a strong wind was blowing. The day after we went further up the river: a calm lovely day.

"The thermometer in the morning was 30° below zero. Towards evening we drew near to two houses, about a mile apart, at one of

which we put up for the night. This was the limit of my expedition. Two days after, being Sunday, I held service to a congregation of fifteen adults: service had never been performed there before. The next day I left for Old Fort, and owing to the immense quantity of snow which had lately fallen, I was obliged to walk almost the whole way on snow shoes. When first I saw specimens of those queer-looking articles in the College Museum, I little thought I should ever be able to use them.

"Previous to this journey up the river Esquimaux, or St. Paul, I took a journey to the eastern portion of my mission, which occupied me about a fortnight. The weather was extremely cold, even for this coast. Many old inhabitants have assured me that they seldom or never experienced so cold a winter.

"Towards the end of February I started on my wanderings to the westward: this expedition took me a month, during which time I travelled upwards of 260 miles, visiting in that distance only about fifteen or sixteen families.

The travelling was very indifferent, owing to the vast quantity of snow that had fallen. One day, as I was going along in the kommekik, an Indian driving me, we came to a short but sharp and slippery hill: the dogs started off at full gallop, the kommekik upset, and threw myself and the driver a dozen or some score yards, with our heads in the snow. But no inconvenience followed, beyond our being covered with snow, and standing on our heads for a few seconds, and we got up and resumed our journey.

"In the summer the travelling is almost entirely by boats, or barges as they are called here. When first I came to this coast, I was out all night in one of these barges, which was by no means pleasant, for it froze hard all the time. As we rowed the water froze upon our oars, and the water which splashed over our boat became ice in a few minutes.

"I never forget you, and St. Augustine's and its inmates. I often find my thoughts wandering back to the happy years I spent at College; and think with pleasure, not unmixed with sadness, of the dear friends I made there,

whom, in all probability, I shall never see on earth again.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your's most sincerely,

"F. J. COOKESLEY."

The time was now come for him to return to Quebec, where he arrived July 12th. He immediately went to the house of his kind friend Mr. Hamilton. Dr. Williams had been appointed Bishop of Quebec, in succession to Dr. Mountain. My son found in him and his family the same friendly and affectionate regard which he had experienced at the hands of his predecessor. He was now to take priest's orders.

Aug. 1*st.*—"Went to the Bishop's to be examined. Dr. Nicholls gave us [himself and another candidate named Von Iffland] a general paper; and then a severe *vivâ voce* examination on the Greek Testament and Scripture history. Thanks to the Great Disposer of all things, we passed. Lunched and dined at the Bishop's."

2*nd, Sunday.*—"Was ordained Priest in the Cathedral. Oh! may God grant me His Holy Spirit, to guide me into all truth!"

The Bishop appointed him to the cure of Bourg Louis, a small place about thirty-six miles west of Quebec. He went to it on the 14th.

15*th.*—"Visited several of my parishioners. Was not well."

16*th, Sunday.*—"Morning and afternoon service in Bourg Louis church. Good congregations."

23*rd, Sunday.*—"Full morning service and Holy Communion. Twenty-eight communicants: eight at Sunday-school: three baptisms. The Bishop came in the afternoon and preached."

He was now indefatigable in visiting every part of his parish, making himself known to all its inhabitants, and comforting the aged and the sick; and he allowed no day to pass without the active discharge of parochial duties, until disease, which he did all he could to contend against and to conceal, compelled him to relax his labours.

30*th.*—"Had a letter from my dear father. Thank God for giving me this pleasure."

31*st.*—"Mat. Smith lent me his horse, so I started off and visited nineteen families in the

'Black Range:' a good many were in the fields reaping, &c., so I talked to them at their work. Made arrangements to come and read with Mrs. M. Coombe, who is in a deep decline. Oh God, prepare me for these duties, by granting me the gracious influence of Thy Holy Spirit! 'Show me thy ways, O Lord, and teach me thy paths.'"

Sept. 13*th.*—"Had a letter from Mr. Hamilton, enclosing one from my dear mother. God be praised for His continued goodness!"

Every letter which he received from home filled his heart with pious thankfulness.

22*nd.*—"Went to Quebec: attended the legislative assembly: heard a poor debate. Certainly 'The Estimates' were not a productive subject."

23*rd.*—"Mrs. Williams met me, and gave me a letter from my brother, for which God be praised!"

Alas! that brother had then been dead more than two months. He died at Quinsan, in China, July 16th, 1863. He was in the Commissariat service. He served in the Crimean war: then was employed at the Cape: and returned

home at the same time that his brother went out to Natal; so that they must have crossed each other on the high seas. Afterwards he went to China; was at the taking of Pekin; and finally joined Major Gordon's Anglo-Chinese contingent. He was quite well up to the morning of the 16th, when he complained of feeling ill. My kind friend Major Gordon sent me the following letter:—

"Quinsan, 17th July, 1863.

"My dear Sir,

"I have a most painful duty to perform in writing to you by this mail, and must prepare you to receive sad tidings. Your son Augustus, who lived with me, complained of being slightly indisposed yesterday morning, but went on with his duties, and we never apprehended his being seriously ill till twelve o'clock, when he came to the surgeon's quarters and lay down on Dr. Moffit's bed. Dr. Moffit immediately saw that he was taken with Asiatic cholera, and applied every remedy to stay the disease. Your poor son from noon till evening suffered no pain. He professed himself quite

easy, only having a feeling of intense weakness and utter prostration.

"He continued to sink till 8·20 p.m., sometimes rallying for a few seconds, and again relapsing. At the time which I here mentioned he fell a slumber. I held his hand, searching in vain for his pulse, and knew only by the cessation of breathing that he had passed from us,—so easy and without pain was his death! His thoughts during the afternoon were much on his father, and it adds greatly to the painfulness of the task I have to perform, to know how endeared he was to you. I have known your poor son for years, and from him have often heard of you, whom he was fond of talking about. I cannot say how deeply his loss will be felt both by the officers of this 'Force' (the Anglo-Chinese) and those of Her Majesty's forces at Shanghai. His activity and aptitude for business made him a name above his fellows, while I can truly say there was not one so much liked by his companions. I feel how incapable I am of imparting any consolation to you under this severe blow; but trust you will be able to bear it with resignation.

I have decided on sending your son's remains to Shanghai, where they will be interred in the British cemetery, and where his brother officers who have died at Shanghai are buried.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Yours truly and sincerely,
"A. C. GORDON,
"Major Commanding."

The same mail which brought me this letter, brought me also the following:—

"Quinsan, 17th July, 1863.

"My dear Sir,

"As Major Gordon has conveyed to you the sad intelligence of your poor son's death, it only remains for me to give you a few details of his last moments. At breakfast yesterday he complained of not feeling as well as usual; but nothing to give rise to any apprehension. On my return to hospital, at twelve o'clock, he came into my room, still complaining, but thinking nothing serious was the matter with him. I however made him lie down on my bed, and soon observed that Asiatic cholera had set in, assuming a most grave character.

I used all the remedies at my disposal; and though so far successful as to stop the violent symptoms, yet the action of the heart became so feeble, that, at three o'clock, I felt it to be my duty to inform him of his dangerous condition. He then gave me your address, and spoke several times of his 'poor father,' and gave himself up to prayer. Subsequently I asked him if there was anything which he wished to be done? He said 'No!' except some business matters, which he desired to be settled. He suffered no pain; but the heart's action became every moment more feeble; and he breathed his last at nine p.m., calm and quiet. His death will be a sad blow to his people, but not less so to me. In him I have lost a brother officer, a personal friend, and a companion. His death has cast a cloud over the few British officers that remain in the 'Force.' His presence and cheerful manners always made us happy, though we are separated from the civilized world: but I trust he has gone to a better land.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"A. MOFFIT."

My dear son was buried at Shanghai. On the occasion of his funeral, the following Garrison Order was issued :—

"Garrison Order.

"Shanghai, 18th July, 1863.

"The Commandant regrets much to have to announce to the garrison the death of the late Deputy Assistant Commissary General Cookesley, which occurred at Quinsan on the 16th ult. The body of this lamented officer will be brought to Shanghai for interment, and the Commandant requests all officers off duty to attend the funeral. To many admirable qualities of heart and mind, the deceased added entire energy in the performance of his duties, and in him the public have lost a valuable servant.

"The 67th Regiment will furnish the band, and a firing party of 100 men under a captain, with three rounds of blank ammunition per man.

"By Order,

"P. A. GAMMELL,

"D.A.Q.M.G. Captain."

The funeral was very numerously attended. It is usual at a military funeral for the band which accompanies it to play some lively air on their return, after the sad ceremony is ended. On this occasion, however, the band in attendance refused to play at all. My son's brother officers raised a monumental stone to his memory. It bears this inscription:—"In memory of Augustus Foulkes Cookesley, Deputy Assistant Commissary General, who died at Quinsan, July 16, 1863. Aged 30. Erected by his brother officers." They desired also to pay him a further mark of honour, by placing a marble slab to his memory in the college chapel of Eton, where he had been born and educated. I communicated their wish to Dr. Goodford, who is Provost of Eton, and also rector of the parish. In reply, he informed me that "the rules of the College" would not allow this wish to be gratified; because no monument could be placed in Eton College Chapel to the memory of an Etonian, unless he had been a king's scholar, and had held higher rank than my son had held: but my son had been an oppidan, not a colleger, or

king's scholar. Yet only a few years previously, two windows of stained glass had been put up in the chapel to the memory of the Etonians who were killed or died in the Crimean war, only one of whom was a colleger, and *he* was a chaplain; and very few of whom held higher rank than my son. I believe also that my son was legally a parishioner of Eton at the time of his death; for he had never lived, whilst in England, in any place but Eton; and I had been a house-holder there for more than twenty-five years. I return to the "Diary."

Oct. 4th, Sunday.—"Received the afflicting news of my poor brother Gussy's death. Oh! truly in the midst of life we are in death. It was but a week ago that I had a joyful letter from him: and the next thing I hear is his death. 'Good Lord, deliver us!' 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Preached in the afternoon on Mat. xi. 38: was very sad."

He wrote the following lines on the death of his brother. They are simple and touching; a reflexion of his own innocent, affectionate heart.

"Sad was the Sunday morn
Which told me of thy death,
My brother: sad to me the day
Which saw thy parting breath.

"Far, far away, in heathen lands,
Thy generous soul has fled:
No mother's, sister's hand, was there
To soothe thy dying head.

"In all the pride and strength of life
Disease has struck thee down:
Oh, may thy manly brows be wreath'd
With the Redeemer's crown!

"We must not weep; but bend our heads
With patience to the will
Of Him who sends afflictions now,
But loves His children still.

"Oh, may we meet in that blest land
Where sorrow cannot come!
Where saints and martyrs all enjoy
A heavenly Father's home."

It appears to have been about the same time that he wrote some lines on himself. I never suspected, until after his death, that he had composed an English verse.

"Though far away from home and friends,
Oft sad in heart and mind,
I will not fret, for God to me
Is always good and kind.

"He fills my soul with holy thoughts;
He shows me how to pray;
He sends me all I wish or need;
He blesses me each day.

"His holy Word a lantern is
To guide my wandering feet,
And lead me from the paths of sin
Straight to the mercy-seat.

"Oh, blessed Lord! direct my steps;
Oh, let me not offend;
But bring me through life's pilgrimage
Safe to my journey's end!"

On the 28th of August he had written a letter, from which the following is an extract, to the Warden of St. Augustine's College:—

"On the 2nd of August I was admitted to Priest's orders, in the Cathedral at Quebec. Two others, graduates of Lennoxville, were ordained with me. It was Bishop Williams' first ordination. I need hardly tell you that it was a solemn and impressive time for all of us. I am sure you will not forget to pray that we may be kept in the right path, and be good stewards of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

"The Bishop did not wish me to return to Labrador this winter, because several missions in the diocese are vacant He has therefore appointed me to take charge of the mission of Bourg Louis, which has been vacant since Mr. Roberts was compelled by ill health to leave the diocese last winter. It is a mission of considerable extent, containing about eighty families, all engaged in farming.

"The church is a very neat little wooden building, with a steeple surmounted by a plain cross. I came in a steamer part of the way, up the beautiful St. Lawrence, and was landed at a place called Port Neuf,—about four miles from which lives the missionary of the place, who was one of the candidates ordained with me. I staid at his house for three or four days, and then he very kindly drove me to Bourg Louis, about seventy miles distant. Immediately on my arrival I set about visiting all the people, which occupied me some days. Bourg Louis is, I believe, in the parish of St. Raymond. The Bishop came over last Sunday, and preached in the afternoon: the church was, I am happy to say, quite full. Our Synod

passed off very satisfactorily: you will be able to see the proceedings in the Journal I am now sending you. The Bishop of Nova Scotia lately paid a short visit to Quebec, and preached in the Cathedral on Sunday last. The hot weather is almost over in this country: we have had a most lovely summer: in two months' time we must look out for winter again.

"Men are sadly wanted in this diocese: there are two or three missions now vacant, and no men to occupy them. I wish another Augustinian was coming out to join us this autumn."

Oct. 18*th.*—"Had a kind letter from the Bishop, sympathizing with me on the death of my dear brother. The blessing of the Lord be upon him and his, for thus thinking of me."

Nov. 3*rd.*—"Wrote a sermon. Finished reading 'The Recreations of a Country Parson;' a most entertaining book."

11*th*, *Wednesday.*—"Had service in the morning and afternoon, being a thanksgiving-day for the harvest. Preached *extempore* on both occasions."

14*th.*—"Read a good deal of 'Nicholl's Help,' which I have never systematically read before."

He lived in lodgings at Bourg Louis; but it appears that steps had been taken to build him a house.

20*th.*—"Watched men working at the parsonage: the outside is finished. Went into the church and practised singing, which was very pleasant."

It was his invariable practice to superintend the singing of his choir on Saturday evenings.

Jan. 1*st*, 1864.—He was at Quebec. "Called on the Governor, and a variety of other persons. Dined with Mr. Hamilton; sat down to an excellent dinner: a family gathering of both sexes and all ages. Passed a most agreeable evening: the only fault was, it was too short."

3*rd*, *Sunday*.—"A bitter cold day. Rang the bell at church, as no one expected me. Only four in the morning; ten in the afternoon."

He mentioned the circumstance, to which he here refers, somewhat more in detail, in a letter to me. The weather was dreadful: snow

had fallen in great quantities, and had drifted in such a manner as to render the roads nearly impassable. The sexton thought there would be no service, and accordingly made no effort to toll the bell. My son, however, made his way to the church, and rang the bell, until he had rung four people into it, when he proceeded to perform the service.

Feb. 10*th.*—"This day I complete my 25th year. Truly God is loving to me. O blessed Jesus, give me more of Thy Holy Spirit, and renew in me the inner man, and write my name in the Lamb's Book of Life! Amen."

May, 1864.—About this time he received a book from his kind friend, the Warden of St. Augustine's. He acknowledged it in a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"I am reading the 'Saintly Character' with great pleasure. Of the schemes which you suggest in the preface, I think each worth adopting, and I should be glad to see all carried out. The one which I should be most sanguine about, and would be glad to assist in any way I could, is, 'the foundation of a St. Augustine's Home.' I think it most desirable

that a missionary, whether weakened by sickness, or worn out with old age, should have some home where he might end his days in peace, without being perplexed and troubled with how to obtain the necessaries of life. A home too in such a place as St. Augustine's, with all the pleasing recollections of bygone years, the scenes of his College life being brought before his mind, would have a doubly beneficial effect, both on the person himself, and the young men who would be at the time going through their College course. The experience such a man would have had in the ways of the world, and in the trials and obstacles to be met with in a missionary life, must be of the greatest benefit to others who would be just entering on the work before them. It would be a means moreover of removing romantic ideas, which I know from my own experience are held in reference to a missionary life, and of impressing men with the stern realities, the difficulties, the pleasures, the duties, and the rewards of the faithful labourer in the vineyard of Christ's Church. The advice which he would be able to give,

would be of incalculable benefit to any young men who might come to College without any very definite ideas.

"My parsonage is still unfinished, our funds are expended, and unless we get some more money, say £50 sterling, it will not yet be habitable. It is a great inconvenience having no house; one is liable to the nuisance of constant moving, and it is not easy in this part of the world to get convenient or agreeable lodgings."

The words "felt ill" occur several times as an entry in his Diary about this time. His activity, however, was very great. He was constantly in the saddle, visiting all parts of his mission, and doing good in every way. He was anxious about subscriptions to complete his parsonage. Occasionally he went into Quebec to consult the Bishop, and sometimes preached at the Cathedral. At the end of May, he says: "Through my negligence I did not continue my Journal, which I now much regret. I resumed it—

Saturday, July 9th.—"An abscess had been forming for a long time in his right hip. During

the greater part of the month of June he was in Quebec, for the sake of being under medical care. On the 9th of July he "drove home in a nice cart which he had bought."

July 10th, Sunday.—"Congregation not large: all appeared glad to see me again."

13*th.*—"Was not well: did not travel."

19th.—"Drove with a party to visit Lake Sept Isle: was charmed with the trip: the lake is exceedingly beautiful. I had two bathes, which were very refreshing."

20*th.*—"Had a letter from the Bishop, requesting me to be in town" [*i.e.*, in Quebec] "on the 30th, to instruct a clergyman who is about to proceed to Labrador."

30*th.*—"Visited the Bishop: met Mr. Wainwright, who is to be ordained shortly, and to proceed to Labrador: I gave him all the information I could think of. My leg is painful."

"Very tired," now becomes a frequent Sunday entry in his Diary. He was invited to stay for a few weeks with his friend the Rev. Mr. Fothergill, at Rivière du Loup; Mr. Wainwright, in the meantime, undertaking his duty at Bourg Louis.

Aug. 7th.—"Went to Church with Fothergill (at Rivière du Loup), intending to preach; but when we were in the vestry the Bishop of Ontario came in, so I was relieved: heard a most excellent sermon, and received the Holy Communion."

Whilst at Rivière du Loup, he "amused himself with reading." He returned to Bourg Louis on Saturday, September 3rd.

The weather during the remainder of the year was most inclement, so that he was kept much at home. When he ventured out he often had to "put back." At the end of December, "my nose frozen," appears in his Diary.

1865. *Jan. 2nd.*—"Did not feel at all well, but got better after awhile."

8th. Sunday.—"Very sick indeed: was unable to preach a sermon, and could scarcely get through the service."

10th.—"Drove into town." I suppose his painful state of body induced him to go to Quebec to take advice, though he does not mention it. "In the evening went to the drill-shed to witness the presentation of a tea-

service to Mr. J. Thomson, by the Highland Volunteer Company."

11*th.*—"Attended a meeting of the Church Society in the morning." On the 13th he "dined with the Bishop," and I conclude he must by this time have been informed by his medical advisers that it was absolutely necessary for him to return to England. He makes no mention of such a thing, but throughout his illness he very seldom referred to it; and if he wrote about it, said as little and spoke as cheerfully as he could.

It is plain, however, that his return home was not only recommended, but resolved on; for on the 19th he "called on the Bishop: made arrangements for Mr. M'Arthur to take my duty" This gentleman succeeded him at Bourg Louis. He returned to his parish on the 20th.

22*nd. Sunday.*—"Preached in the morning for the last time, at Bourg Louis: in the evening the Bishop and Mr. Roe (Curate of St. Matthew's Free Chapel, Quebec) came: they dined with me."

Preparations were now hastily made for his

departure. On the 24th he went to Quebec, where he was kindly entertained by the Bishop. On the 26th he took leave of his generous and honoured friends, Mr. Hamilton and his family. "In the evening started by train: arrived at Lennoxville at 4 a.m."

27*th.*—"Went to morning chapel" [*i.e.*, the chapel of Bishop's College, at Lennoxville]: "spent the day with the Irvings: felt very ill."

28*th.*—"Started in the morning for Portland: walked about the town: went on board the steamer 'Moravian:' weighed anchor at midnight." And so he left America, never to return.

29*th. Sunday.*—"Very ill: could not assist in the service on board." It was a great comfort to him that he was accompanied on his voyage home by the Bishop and his wife. Their attentions to him were as affectionate as they were unfailing. He felt so extremely ill on board ship, that after he had arrived home, he told his mother "he thought he should have died."

Feb. 5*th.*—"Service in the saloon: the

Bishop conducted it and preached: I led the 100th Psalm."

8*th.*—"Arrived at Liverpool all safe, by God's mercy: spent the day with Mrs. Dutton" [his cousin]: "drove home in the evening to the 'Waterloo Hotel.'"

On the morning of the 9th, I was greatly surprised by the receipt of a letter from him, informing me that I might expect him immediately. He had been enabled to land this letter at Londonderry, whence it came to me by post, anticipating his own arrival by some hours. I had not expected him, nor was I aware of his deplorable condition. He arrived home on the ninth. We were dreadfully shocked at seeing him. He was quite a cripple, almost bent double; greatly emaciated, looking deadly pale. It was impossible to close my eyes to the fact that he was in a most alarming state, and my first care was to have him examined by eminent medical men. Fortunately I have a parishioner who is a surgeon, named Burge. This gentleman attended my son during the whole of his illness, which lasted two years and a quarter; and not only treated

him with great ability, but with the tenderness and affection of a father. At various stages of the disease he took him to see Sir W. Ferguson and Mr. Johnson. Other skilful and able men also visited him, so that I have the satisfaction of knowing that everything was done for him which human art could contrive.

11*th.*—"Examined by two doctors, and pronounced to be in a bad way."

12*th.*—"In bed, and confined to my room." He did not come down stairs for the next three months. The discharge from his wound was incessant, and most enfeebling; and his appetite extremely bad. He seemed, indeed, to have a dislike for eating or drinking. Under the skilful treatment which he received, and the extreme care taken of him, he appeared to rally; and sometimes I endeavoured to beguile myself into the belief that his improvement might be permanent. In July he felt strong enough to go into Hampshire to stay with my sister, to whom he was greatly attached; and he says of his visit, that it did him much good, and he gained some

strength. He spent the month of August by the seaside, and September at Eton, with a cousin. At the end of September he visited a married sister and his brother-in-law, at Winkfield, and staid with them till December 12th. He says,—"I enjoyed myself much: gained strength: made some friends: was greatly pleased at meeting with an old schoolfellow."

He spent Christmas at home. I thought him certainly stronger, though the improvement was not great. His main improvement was in his spirits: he became more cheerful, and was glad to be amused by anything mirthful. He seemed never to be tired of hearing me tell him stories about my own schooldays, as well as his. But his improved spirits never kept "the one thing needful" out of his mind. His Bible (he had a very elegant copy, a present made to him by the Bishop of Quebec, when he was ordained priest) was seldom out of his hands,—never out of his reach. He never went to sleep at night without having a chapter read to him by one of his sisters.

In January, 1866, he went to stay with a cousin, who had a curacy in Berkshire, with whom he "had long chats, and laughed over by-gone times." He enjoyed himself much, and in February proceeded to Dawlish, to visit an aunt who was "very kind."

Feb. 10*th.*—"Reached my twenty-seventh year, by God's mercy, in better health than last year, but lame."

On the 15th he went on to Cornwall, to his cousin at St. Enoder vicarage. Here he "remained till May, receiving much benefit, and having much kindness shown to me." In May he returned to Dawlish, "and spent a pleasant month, his aunt and cousins being very kind, and showing him every attention." In June he returned home. In that month he went to visit Dr. Mountain, in Bedfordshire.

June 24*th.*—"Went to Blunham with my father: met Mrs. Jacob Mountain, whom I knew at Quebec: very pleasant."

This lady was the widow of a clergyman, the son of Dr. Mountain. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and went out as a missionary to Newfoundland. After labouring

seven years at Harbour Briton, in Fortune Bay, he was appointed principal of the missionary college at St. John's. In September, 1856, he was attacked by fever of so malignant a character, that it speedily ended in death. He had all the energy, sincerity, and warm-heartedness which seem to be the inheritance of his family.

July 5th.—"Arrived home at Hammersmith, all safe. The Lord's name be praised." Up to about this time my son had never ceased to cherish the intention of returning to Canada. I was perfectly persuaded that it was idle to entertain any such expectation; but he was so solemnly impressed by the holy obligation of the oath, by which he bound himself to act as a clergyman in foreign lands, that the thought of renouncing such an intention was inexpressibly painful to him; but I had hoped that he might be sufficiently restored to undertake some light duty in England: and several negociations were entered into with that view; but nothing came of them. Gradually he became reconciled to the necessity of staying in England, and he wrote to the Bishop

of Quebec, describing his condition, and requesting him to send him a testimonial. The following is a copy of the testimonial which he received:—"The Rev. F. J. Cookesley was ordained deacon and priest in the diocese of Quebec. He served for a year as a missionary on the Coast of Labrador, and was afterwards put in charge of the mission at Bourg Louis, a charge which he was obliged to relinquish, in consequence of disease, induced by the severe life of his first missionary station. He returned to England two years ago, to seek in another climate and in rest the renewal of his health, by the advice of his physician. As a clergyman Mr. Cookesley was more than exemplary in the discharge of his duties; his gentle and devoted spirit won for him the warmest attachment, not only of those to whom he ministered, but of all with whom he came in contact."

He spent August at Ryde, where he enjoyed the sea breezes very much; he was very happy, his dear sister and excellent brother-in-law being kindness itself. I had tried to persuade him to do duty in my church, but

hitherto he had shrunk from the experiment; he now, however, consented.

Dec. 16*th.*—"Read prayers in St. Peter's Church in the morning, and preached in the evening on 1 Peter v. 5,—'God resisteth the proud.'" He was not much fatigued by his exertions, and I almost began to hope. He had a remarkably clear, melodious voice, which he managed so well that, without effort, he filled my church, which is a large one. There was a sincerity, an earnestness, a holinesss, and at the same time a tranquil sobriety in his preaching, which was most acceptable to all who heard him.

23*rd.*—"Preached in the morning: read prayers in the evening."

31*st.*—"Service at St. Peter's at 10.30, p.m." It was too late an hour for him to attend, but he waited up for us till we returned from church. "Thus the old year has passed, and we look forward in prayerful hope for the future, trusting to Him alone who orders all things for the best and wisest ends."

1867. *January* 6*th, Sunday.*—"Was unpleasantly awakened in the morning by the

melted snow-water pouring down through the roof of the house. A miserable day: cold, rain, thaw, fog, and frost. Read prayers in the morning: preached in the evening."

"Mr. Burge came and examined me," now becomes a constant entry in his Diary. The hopes to which I had clung so fondly began to give way; it became plain that extensive organic disease was actively going on: his legs had swollen greatly; but this symptom subsided: only, however, to make way for others.

23*rd.*—"Finished 'Nicolini's History of the Jesuits.' Oh that man under the guise of religion should so disgrace, not only Christianity, but human nature itself!"

29*th.*—"Walked down to the boys' schoolroom, and distributed the prizes to the Sunday scholars."

Feb. 10*th, Sunday.*—"Read prayers and epistle in the morning; preached in the evening, on Luke xii. 40,—'Be ye therefore also ready: for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.' My birth day: God in his mercy has preserved me another

year. Oh, merciful Lord, grant me Thy Holy Spirit, to make me a wiser and a better man for the future: forgive me the past!"

This was the last time that he preached in my church. He now made arrangements for going into the country for a few weeks, and taking charge of a small parish, of which one of his cousins had the curacy. Accordingly on the 16th he went to Englefield, near Reading, where he was treated with the utmost kindness by Mr. Benyon, M.P., the principal landowner, and Mr. Eyre, the rector of the parish.

March 4th.—"Arrived at Hammersmith at 11.30, a.m.: was not well."

5th.—"My legs swell more than I like; an additional trial: but in the Lord is my trust. Saw a physician, named Johnson, who prescribed for me." I now gave up all hope; his constitution was worn out by premature decay, the result of excessive labour: but since it was labour in the cause of Jesus, was it not indeed blessed?

8th.—"Lay in bed all day." So he did till the 16th.

16*th.*—"Got up: felt much better; the swelling in my legs and feet almost gone. God grant I may continue to improve. His will be done! Lay on a couch in my father's room, because it is necessary to keep my legs up"

Sunday now became a distressing day to him, because when he saw us all go to church he could not come with us, and assist in the service.

18*th.*—"Felt better, owing to God's unbounded goodness to me, and His blessing on the means used for my recovery."

22*nd.*—"Felt rather exhausted, but better. This long continuance of inclement weather is against the recovery of invalids. When the lovely spring comes, doubtless all will be well."

25*th.*—"The feeling of exhaustion has mercifully ceased. To God be praise for ever and ever! Amen."

26*th.*—"Got up at rather a more respectable hour than I have been in the habit of doing lately."

27*th.*—"In the evening gave way to depres-

sion, which was wrong; however I hope God will mercifully forgive me. Afterwards I felt somewhat comforted."

29*th.*—"Read prayers for my father in church." It was a Friday in Lent; but the effort was too much for him.

30*th.*—"Had a letter from Fothergill, which much gratified me. To hear from friends whom we have parted from is always acceptable."

April 4*th.*—"Went out into the garden, and sowed some dwarf beans. Felt benefitted by the air."

7*th, Sunday.*—"Got up to breakfast. Read several chapters of Baxter's 'Saint's Rest:' a book worthy the perusal of Christians, and calculated to afford comfort and instruction to all believers."

He seemed to feel better, for he several times amused himself by sowing seeds in the garden.

14*th, Sunday.*—"In the evening I read prayers at St. Peter's." This was the last time that he did duty.

26*th.*—"Read some of Lathbury's 'History of the Nonjurors:' a very interesting book."

One of his sisters was suffering from a boil, which it was necessary to lance. He mentions it in his Diary, April 27th, expressing a hope that the operation may have the desired effect; and then adds,—"truly our bodies in the midst of life show the seeds of decay, and we are constantly reminded that here we have no 'continuing city, but seek one to come.' Oh, God Almighty, grant that we may gain an entrance into that glorious abode where disease can never enter, and sorrow and mourning flee away.' Amen." Here his Diary ends.

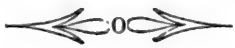
He now became rapidly worse, though he occasionally varied. He lost all power of digestion: his stomach could hold nothing: he was supported by brandy, which seemed to be the only thing he did not absolutely and instantly reject. Yet he never seemed to realize his condition, or believe he was dying. I felt myself wholly unequal to the task of telling him the truth.

My sister fortunately came to visit me: she undertook to break the awful matter to him. He received the information with undisturbed

tranquillity and resignation. His debility was, of course, excessive; I can only trust his sufferings were not great. On Sunday, May 26th, I thought him so near his end, that my troubled and agonized state of mind rendered it difficult for me to get through my duties. Between the morning and evening services I sat by him some time, and was unable to suppress my emotion. He asked his mother, after I had left the room,—"Mother, why did papa cry?" On the following morning he said to me,—"Well, papa, I am going." I said,—"Yes, my dearest Freddy, you are going to glory." A short time after he added, —"I hope I have not trusted to a wrong foundation." I replied,—"You have trusted in Jesus, whom you have always loved and worked for." After the pause of a minute or two he said, with great deliberation and solemnity,—"It is a great blessing that I feel so composed: I esteem *that* the greatest blessing of any." These were his last coherent words. Life clung to him for thirty hours after he had lost all sense, and I hope all feeling. Shortly after five o'clock on Tuesday

afternooon a convulsion seized him. I turned away my head, but held his hand. When the convulsion ceased he was dead. I closed those eyes and kissed that face, which it had been my happiness for twenty-eight years to behold when present and to remember when absent. He was buried at Upton, near Eton, in the same vault which contains the remains of five other members of his family,—my children and sisters.

In speaking of him and his dearly loved brother, I have endeavoured, as far as possible. to use the language of a disinterested narrator, for I have no desire to obtrude my personal feelings on the rest of the world; but I should be wanting in justice to my sense of duty and thankfulness to my Creator, if I did not express my gratitude to Him for having blessed me with two such children. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"



P. S. *Since I sent the above to the press, I have received the following letters from the Bishop of Quebec, which I cannot prevail on myself to withhold.*

"Quebec, July 10th, 1867.

"My dear sir,

"In transmitting to you the enclosed, at the request of the Synod, I cannot refrain from telling you how sincerely I sympathise with you.

"A more beautiful character than your son's I think I never knew: and I had many opportunities of testing it. Only last summer I followed the track of his footsteps in Labrador, and every where found his memory still fresh in the minds of the poor fishermen of that rugged coast. At Bourg Louis, too, where he was last stationed, a most affectionate remembrance of him is cherished in every home. Wherever he was known he was loved. He has entered into his rest. His work was early

done. That you, my dear sir, in your affliction may be comforted by the only Comforter, is the heart-felt prayer of

"Yours faithfully,

"J. W. QUEBEC."

Extract from the address of the Lord Bishop of Quebec to the synod of the diocese, assembled at Quebec, July, 1867.—

"Another death too I must needs record. When the Rev. F. J. Cookesley left the diocese, I fondly hoped that it was to recruit his health, and to return to us again. He too has gone down to an early grave. Young too he was, but his was a youth that none could—none did—despise. The beautiful simplicity of his character, and the affectionateness of his disposition, endeared him to all who knew him; but it was his unhesitating devotion to his Master's work—neither interest nor inclination having a feather's weight in the scale against duty—mingled with so true a humility, that he knew not the

extent of his own self-sacrifice; it was this that marked a ripeness in grace, to which we who are of riper years, would many of us count it a great joy to attain."

Extract from the minutes of the 7th Session of the Synod of the Diocese of Quebec:—

"Moved by the Rev. A. W. Mountain,

"Seconded by the Rev. C. Hamilton—

"That the Lord Bishop of the Diocese be requested, on behalf of this Synod, to forward to the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, a copy of that portion of his Lordship's address, which relates to the late Rev. F. J. Cookesley, and to express the sincere sympathy of this Synod with him on the loss of his only surviving son."

THE END.

LONDON :

WILLIAM HUNT AND COMPANY,

HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.